

In name of lendings for your Highnesse Soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false Traitor, and inuious Villaine.
Besides I say, and will in battaile proue,
Or heere, or elsewhere to the furthest Verge
That euer was suruey'd by English eye,
That all the Treasons for these eigheteene yeeres
Complotted, and contriued in this Land,
Fetch'd from false *Mowbray* their first head and spring.
Further I say, and further will maintaine
Vpon his bad life, to make all this good.
That he did plot the Duke of Glousters death,
Suggest his soone beleeuing aduersaries,
And consequently, like a Traitor Coward,
Slue'd our his innocent soule through streames of blood;
Which blood, like sacrificing *Abels* cries,
(Euen from the tooonglesse cauernes of the earth)
To me for iustice, and rough chastisement:
And by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arme shall do it, or this life be spent.

King. How high a pitch his resolution soares:

Thomas of Norfolk, what sayest thou to this?

Mow. Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I haue told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foule a liar.

King. *Mowbray*, impartiall are our eyes and eares,
Were he my brother, nay our kingdomes heyre,
As he is but my fathers brothers sonne;
Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-neerenesse to our sacred blood,
Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize
The vn-spooping firmenesse of my vpright soule.
He is our subiect (*Mowbray*) so art thou,
Free speech, and fearelesse, I to thee allow.

Mow. Then *Bullingbrooke*, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat; thou lyest:
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
Disburst I to his Highnesse souldiers;
The other part reserue I by consent,
For that my Soueraigne Lige was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deere Accompt,
Since last I went to France to fetch his Queene:
Now swallow downe that Lye. For Glousters death,
I slew him not; but (to mine owne disgrace)
Neglected my sworne duty in that case:
For you my noble Lord of *Lancaster*,
The honourable Father to my foe,
Once I did lay an ambush for your life,
A trespasse that doth vex my greued soule:
But ere I last receiu'd the Sacrament,
I did confesse it, and exactly begg'd
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a Villaine,
A recreant, and most degenerate Traitor,
Which in my selfe I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurle downe my gage
Vpon this ouer-weening Traitors foote,
To proue my selfe a loyall Gentleman,
Euen in the best blood chamber'd in his bosome.
In hast whereof, most heartily I pray
Your Highnesse to assigne our Triall day.

King. Wrath-kindled Gentlemen be rul'd by me:
Let's purge this choller without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no Physician

Deepe malice makes too deepe incision.

Forget, forgive, conclude, and be agreed

Our Doctors say, This is no time to bleed.

Good Vnckle, let this end where it begun.

Wee'l calme the Duke of Norfolk; you, your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age.

Throw downe (my sonne) the Duke of Norfolk's gage.

King. And Norfolk, throw downe his.

Gaunt. When *Harrie* when? Obedience bids,

Obedience bids I should not bid agen.

King. Norfolk, throw downe, we bidde; there is

no boote.

Mow. My selfe I throw (dread Soueraigne) at thy foot.

My life thou shalt command, but not my shame,

The one my dutie owes, but my faire name

Despight of death, that liues vpon my graue

To darke dishonours vie, thou shalt not haue.

I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffel'd heere,

Pierc'd to the soule with slanders venom'd speare:

The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood

Which breath'd this poyson.

King. Rage must be withstood:

Giue me his gage: Lyons make Leopards tame.

Mow. Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,

And I resigne my gage. My deere, deere Lord,

The purest treasure mortall times afford

Is spotlesse reputation: that away,

Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay.

A Iewell in a ten times barr'd vp Chest,

Is a bold spirit, in a loyall brest.

My Honor is my life; both grow in one;

Take Honor from me, and my life is done.

Then (deere my Lige) mine Honor let me trie,

In that I liue; and for that will I die.

King. Cousin, throw downe your gage,

Do you begin.

Bul. Oh heauen defend my soule from such foule sin,

Shall I seeme Crest-falne in my fathers fight,

Or with pale beggar-feare impeach my hight

Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my tooong

Shall wound mine honor with such feeble wrongs

Or sound so base a parle: my teeth shall tear

The flauish motiue of recanting feare,

And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,

Where shame doth harbour, euen in *Mowbray*'s face.

King. We were not borne to sue, but to command,

Which since we cannot do to make you friends,

Be readie, (as your liues shall answer it)

At Couentre, vpon *S. Lamberts* day:

There shall your words and Lances arbitrate

The swelling difference of your setled hate:

Since we cannot atone you, you shall see

Iustice designe the Victors Chivalrie.

Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes,

Be readie to direct these home Alarmes.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Gaunt, and Durbeshe of Gloucester.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Glousters blood,

Doth more sollicite me then your exclamings;

To stirre against the Butchers of his life.

But since correction lyeth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrell to the will of heauen,
Who when they see the houres ripe on earth,
Will raigne hot vengeance on offenders heads.

Dur. findes brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?

Hath loue in thy old blood no liuing fire?

Edwards seven sonnes (whereof thy selfe art one)

Were as seven violles of his Sacred blood,

Or seven faire branches springing from one roote:

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